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Valmore and Julia.

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VALMORE was descended from an ancient and reputable family in Britany. His father was a gallant officer, who had served his king and country for the space of thirty years, without receiving any other reward for his services than a distinguished reputation for bravery, and a captain's commission—which at the end of that æra he resigned, and retired to his native country, with a small patrimony which he inherited, with a beloved wife and an only child, the unfortunate hero of the present tale.

When Valmore was about ten years old, his mother died; and from that moment no other object seemed to exist on earth for Captain Valmore but his son. To the care of his education he devoted his every thought; and when the youth had reached the age of eighteen, the fond father thought his son must be happy, because he was perfectly satisfied that his principles were noble and his heart good. He procured a commission for him from

one of his former friends, in the same regiment in which he had served; equipped him properly for the service, and presented him with a hundred louis d'ors, "which" he said, "he had saved from the poor, who should, from that time be heirs to his superfluities."

About a month before young Valmore was ordered to join his regiment, in one of his morning walks he happened to see a chariot overturned by the negligence of the coachman, and heard a female voice give a loud scream. He flew to offer his assistance, and beheld a most beautiful girl about sixteen who had fainted from the fright and shock she had sustained. He soon released her from the carriage, caught her in his arms, and bore her to a bank before the servants who attended her could come up. A few minutes brought her to herself; and the modest confusion she expressed at finding her head leaning on the bosom of a stranger, completed the conquest which the beauties of her form and features, even in that death-like state had already begun. She ex-

pressed her gratitude in the most elegant terms ; and as she had received no injury, except fright from the accident, said, " She would accept of his arm to convey her home, as the distance to her father's house was not more than a quarter of a mile." When arrived, she presented him as her deliverer to her mother, Madame de Forhele, who upon hearing his name, acknowledged an acquaintance with his family, and pressed him to pass the day with her and the lovely Julia, as Monsieur de Forhele was then absent.

From that time Valmore appeared both to himself, and to every one who saw him, a new being ; an idea of happiness which he had never before conceived, animated his whole frame, his eyes sparkled with unusual lustre, he scarcely touched the ground as he walked, and the sound of his voice seemed to vie, for musical sprightliness, with the morning lark.

He rose before the sun next day in order to renew his visit, mounted his horse, and found himself at Monsieur Forhele's long before any of the family were stirring. He rambled about the adjacent country impatiently waiting for the rising of his bright luminary ; and had again the happiness of passing the day under her benignant auspices. At this second interview he was introduced to Monsieur Forhele, who received him with civil reserve and distant courtsey ; but our hero was by no means sensible of any peculiar flight from his behaviour, as he thought himself in every respect his equal.

The days now flew away on downy wings with Valmore, as none of them passed without seeing and conversing with his adored Julia, who now seem-

ed to think with him, that the hand of Providence had guided him to the spot where they first met, and that they of course were destined for each other. Full of this juvenile idea, " What hinders then" said Valmore, as he walked with Julia in the gardens of Forhele, " What hinders me to avow my passion to your father, to implore his consent to our union, to our becoming the happiest pair that the blest sun can see even in his annual course."

Before Julia could start an objection to this proposal, Monsieur Forhele gave him an opportunity to try its effect, by walking towards them with a countenance full of resentment. Valmore was no physiognomist, he read no face but Julia's. He threw himself at Forhele's feet ; declared the ardour of his love ; and added, that he hoped his respectful tenderness had inspired his mistress with such a predilection in his favour, as to approve his passion.

With the most insulting coldness, Monsieur Forhele replied, " Your alliance sir, would doubtless, do me infinite honour ; but I am both surprised and sorry that my daughter should have disposed her affections without my consent, as it is not from her choice but mine she must receive a husband, and you are by no means the person I should chuse, I must therefore desire you to retire immediately, and never more repeat your visits here."

When Valmore returned home, the traces of the deepest despair were visible in his countenance ; his father was immediately alarmed, and tenderly enquired the cause of his affliction. As soon as the unhappy youth could give utterance to his grief he exclaimed, " O! sir, receive into your bosom the sighs of

a wretch who is weary of existence, and who is no longer worthy to live, for having wanted confidence in the best of fathers! But I will repair my fault, and avow a passion which is only rendered criminal by concealment." He then related every thing that had passed between him and Julia, and with streaming eyes implored his father to solicit Monsieur Forhele's consent to their union.

The good old gentleman, though softened by his son's distress, saw the folly of his pursuit, and commanded him in the most peremptory tone to join his regiment immediately. "There" said he, "my beloved Valmore may have opportunities to render himself worthy of the amiable Julia. Love makes heroes; and if your mistress deserves your attachment, fear not that even a father's power can rob you of her heart; no force can subdue a passion founded on esteem. If she can give her affections to another, that ought to console you for her loss, by shewing her to be unworthy of you."

Our young soldier's spirits were fired by this discourse; he tenderly embraced his father, said he was ready to depart, and trusted that his future conduct should never deviate from the noble sentiments which his father's precepts and example had inspired him.

It was impossible, however, that he should set out without taking leave of Julia. He was forbid the castle of Forhele; but he found means to convey a letter to her, filled with the tenderest professions of love and ever during constancy. In her reply, she approved his resolution; called heaven to witness, that her heart should never be bestowed on any other object, tho'

certain that she more never should see him, as her father's cruelty must quickly end her days: and begged he would forget her, though her last sigh, she vowed, should breathe the name of Valmore.

This tender billet quickly banished all the salutary advice he had received from his father; his passion was augmented by the idea of Julia's sufferings, and to forsake her in such a situation appeared dishonorable. He instantly resolved to rescue her from her father's tyranny; and at all events to become her husband and protector through life. He wrote to her to this effect, imploring her to throw herself into his arms; adding, "that he had a rich uncle at Falaise, in Normandy, who would, he was certain, receive and cherish them both; that under his protection they would have nothing to fear from her family; that there they should be indissolubly joined, and that the study of his whole life should be to render her happy!"

The moment he had sent off this letter, his heart was torn to pieces by the idea of the deceitfulness of his conduct towards his father, and of the anguish he must feel when he should discover his son's flight: but passion triumphed over filial affection; and to avoid the painful sight of a parent whom he loved and honoured, though he disobeyed, he took leave of him, as intending to join his regiment directly. Old Valmore was pleased at his seeming impatience to become a soldier, repeated his parental admonitions, embraced and blessed him.

Our young adventurer travelled no further than to the next village, which

was about a league from the castle of Forhele, and there waited the return of his messenger with Julia's answer, which was to determine both their fates. Judge of his distraction when he read the following words :

(To be concluded in our next.)

BIOGRAPHY.

SKETCH OF THE CHARACTER OF THE
LATE MRS. ROBERTS ; BY MRS. OPIE.

From a late Publication.

It is not uncommon to see prefixed to the works both of dead and living authors, an engraving of their face and form ; and as many persons are solicitous to know all that can be known of those whose hours have been devoted to the instruction or amusement of the world, such exhibitions of the external appearance of writers are probably surveyed with interest and attention, however insignificant the sketch,—and however imperfect the resemblance. It is this conviction that has led me to undertake the difficult, though soothing task of endeavouring to delineate the character of the lamented and admirable woman whose manuscript work (*Duty, a Novel, interspersed with poetry,*) I am about to give the world ; for, if the person of an author be interesting to the reader, the character and the conduct must be infinitely more so ; especially as we gaze on the portrait prefixed to a work, chiefly perhaps, with a desire of tracing in it some clew to the mind and disposition of the being whom it represents.

Margaret Roberts was the youngest daughter of a respectable clergyman of the name of Wade, who resided at Boxford, in Suffolk ; and in the year

1792 she became, after a long and mutual attachment, the wife of the rev. Richard Roberts, third son of Dr. Roberts, late Provost of Eton. Immediately after their union, she went to reside with her husband at the village of Mitcham, in Surry. I have passed over the period of my lost friend's residence under the roof of her father, because, though well aware that she must have been all a daughter ought to be, as virtue is commonly consistent with itself, and the duties are usually inseparable companions, I am most anxious to exhibit her as a wife, that character which is best calculated to call forth the virtues of a woman, and in which the heart and the temper are most tried and most displayed to view.

Mrs. Roberts had not the happiness of being herself a parent ; but the situation which it was her lot to fill, was such as to awaken in her affectionate nature much of the tender anxiety of the maternal character, as Mr. Roberts had under his tuition seventeen or eighteen boys (chiefly sons of the nobility;) from the age of seven to fourteen, over whose health and comfort she watched with tenderness the most endearing. This tenderness was repaid by them by feelings of affectionate gratitude, which survived the presence of the object that called them forth ; since many a youth and many a man has continued eager to own, and anxious to return, his obligations to that care which constituted so great a part of the comforts of his childhood. On this scrupulous attention to the welfare of the children committed to the care of her husband, I might rest Mrs. Robert's pretensions to the character of an excellent wife ; but her claims to

that title did not end there. The manner in which she fulfilled her arduous duties as mistress of a family, was equally worthy of imitation. Like one of the heroines of her own novel, she was never idle, never for a moment unemployed; and to the conscientious employment of her time is to be attributed her power of doing more in a day with less apparent effort, than any one who had not witnessed it can be easily led to believe. Though she had to conduct a very large and troublesome establishment, though during the occasional short absences of Mr. Roberts she had to preside in the school, no one heard her complain of want of time for any useful or pleasant occupation. No one staying at the house ever missed her at the hour of projected amusement: and though every domestic duty was regularly fulfilled, she seemed, when in the company of her guests, to have nothing to do but to amuse herself and them. Never were her necessary avocations an excuse for any neglect of her person, or her dress. She was neat, even to *Quaker* neatness, in her appearance and her apparel; and the presiding spirit of nicety was visible in her house and in her grounds. It was remarkable, also, that though she had so many serious claims on her time, she had more correspondents,—and wrote more and longer letters, than almost any other person in a private situation. Such is the practical usefulness resulting from a resolution to allot to every passing moment some rational employment, or some salutary recreation. It was this resolution which enabled Mrs Roberts to be, in the space of one little day, the superintendent of a large family, the delight of a circle

of friends, the punctual correspondent, the elegant work-woman, the instructive writer, and the admirable reader of poetry or prose.

About eight or nine years ago, she was induced to write, and then to publish, a little work called “The Telescope, or Moral Views,” for children; which was a promising proof of those talents for that line of writing which she afterwards displayed in—“Rose and Emily;” a work with her name to it published two years ago. She has left behind her some other manuscripts, among which are several admirable songs; but at present, at least, the work which I am editing is the only one designed for the public eye.

But to return to the contemplation of her as a woman and a wife. Though constant occupation was the great secret by which she effected so much, method and order were two of her principal agents; and, like the magic wand, whose touch made the labours of Psyche easy in a moment, method & order operated on every busy department in her household, and every thing was ready at the hour appointed, as if guided by some certain, tho’ invisible agency. It must be supposed that superintending a family, consisting of so many children, of various dispositions and habits, must have been very trying to the temper as well as to the feelings. But the temper of Mrs. Roberts was equal to any trial; and unimpaired, or rather perfected by trials, it shone in the benign expression of her dark and animated eye, it dimpled her cheek with a smile the most endearing and benevolent, and spoke in the mild and tuneful accents of a voice which no one ever heard without feeling disposed to

love the being who possessed it. Nor was the benevolence which irradiated her countenance, which gave grace to her manner, and sweetness to her voice, displayed in a less positive degree in her sentiments and her actions; with *her*, kindness was not a habit of manner, but a habit of *mind*. She spoke *affectionately*, because she felt benevolently.

(To be concluded in our next.)

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

COMMENTARY ON LAUGHTER.

(Concluded from our last.)

Nothing is more apt to occasion risibility, I mean in a person who can claim kindred with Brains, than the attempts of Stupidity to soar or to dive; when, not having wit enough to perceive, that what wit they have is incompetent to the execution of what they propose to effect, dame nature in the uniform and admirable harmony of all her works, makes them undergo a sort of intellectual enchantment: while they think they are making a rapid progress, it is in fact such headway as Paddy made, when he rode on a hog with his face towards his tail—These literary crabs believe, that like the bird of Jove they are soaring against the solar effulgence, while in fact they are grovelling in the very bottom of the horse-pond of the *bathos*.

If we consider for a moment the causes of laughter which is intentionally excited, I am afraid that in nine cases out of ten, we shall find Lord Chesterfield to be correct. Smart allusions or flashes of imagination often excite a smile; but it is the coarse and

vulgar jest, the spawn of some smutty fancy that gives rise to hoarse peals of laughter or to obstreperous mirth,—yet if there be a distinction between wit and that which excites laughter, they border so closely on each other, that it is hard to draw the line of difference, and frequently one will be found to be a mere perversion of the other. SWIFT, as all have concurred in asserting, was a wit of no common order. Yet how often does he descend to the lowest depths of filthiness and obscenity! The turn of his great mind indeed seems to have been peculiarly formed for ribildry and low humour.

SWIFT himself had a mortal aversion to *punning*, and has ridiculed it in many of his writings. Yet it must be allowed that that art ranks somewhat higher in the scale than much of his wit. A little of it now and then is a wonderful assistance to flagging conversation, and enlivens in no small degree a set of people, who having exhausted the routine of common place chit chat and catching the yawning distemper from each other, set round the fire with their heads cocked and mouths wide open, like so many geese, watching thunder. Punning confined to mere play upon words perhaps is an inferior and unworthy accomplishment, but when it ascends to ideas is often a high species of wit—and as long as it pretends to nothing more than a harmless amusement ought not to be condemned as being beneath a rational being.

Were this meant for a thorough going essay, what has been said concerning the causes of laughter would be but as a drop of water in the ocean. As it is not—nay, as it offers no pretensions

to any thing of the kind, enough has been said. Before we quit the subject however, I cannot forbear remarking that laughter independent of its merely amusing us, is entitled to higher praise. It can interrupt the tide of *Anger* and bid its stormy waves be still. It can check the current of *Rage*, when at its height, and even the giant form of *Despair* has bowed before the majesty of mirth. No passion, no propensity is more universal; none has fewer exceptions to its government. There have been men who slighted danger and smiled at death; there are to whose hardened heart the voice of sympathy and compassion may plead in vain, and on whose ear the still small voice of humanity falls unregarded; there are men, who only retain enough of the human proportion to entitle them to that denomination, without possessing any of the softer feelings and the milder virtues which adorn their nature, and clothe humanity with a mantle dipped in celestial dews; but few, very few, are the exceptions to that general authority which Momus usurps over the sons of men.

Laughter has checked the tyrant on the point of sacrificing to his cruelty some hapless victim and snatched the uplifted knife from the hand of the murderer;—the genius of mirth has appeared in the hour of peril, like the gaurdian angel of misfortune, and the avenger of blood disappeared from his presence.

N. N.

BAD TASTE.

He who likes deformity, is not far from liking vice; and he, who is insensible to beauty, may easily form a false conception of virtue.

DEATH-WATCH,

Is a subject of frequent conversation among the vulgar; it, however, proves to be a small insect, perfectly harmless, and therefore the cause of groundless alarm.

“Among the popular superstitions which the almost general illumination of modern times has not been able to obliterate, the dread of the death-watch may well be considered as one of the most predominant, and still continues to disturb the habitations of rural tranquillity with groundless fears, and absurd apprehensions. It is not indeed to be imagined that they who are engaged in the more important cares of providing the immediate necessities of life should have either leisure or inclination to investigate with philosophical exactness the causes of a particular sound; ye it must be allowed to be a very singular circumstance that an animal so common should not be more universally known, and the peculiar noise which it occasionally makes be more universally understood. It is chiefly in the advanced state of spring that this alarming little animal commences its sound, which is no other than the call or signal by which the male and female are led to each other, and which may be considered as analogous to the call of birds, though not owing to the voice of the insect, but to its beating on any hard substance with the shield or forepart of its head! The prevailing number of the distinct strokes which it beats is from seven to nine, or eleven, which very circumstance may perhaps still add, in some degree, to the ominous character which it bears among the vulgar. These sounds

or beats, are given in pretty quick succession, and are repeated at uncertain intervals; and in old houses, where the insects are numerous, may be heard at almost every hour of the day, especially if the weather be warm. The sound exactly resembles that which may be made by beating moderately hard with the nail on a table. The insect is of a colour so nearly resembling that of decayed wood, viz. an obscure greyish brown, that it may, for a considerable time elude the search of the enquirer. It is about a quarter of an inch in length, and is moderately thick in proportion, and the wingshells are marked with numerous irregular variegations of a lighter or greyer cast than the ground colour. Ridiculous and incredible as it may appear, it is an animal that may in some measure be tamed; at least it may be so far familiarised as to be made to beat occasionally, by taking it out of its confinement, and beating on a table or board, when it will readily answer the noise, and will continue to beat as often as required."—*Shaw*.

THE PASSIONS,

Are, in general, sudden and determined among the English: more active and refined among the French.—The pride of the former makes him wish to crush every thing at once by force; the self-love of the other slowly undermines what it wishes to destroy.

WAR AND PEACE.

A very thin audience attending the third representation of a new comedy, the author observed,—“O, it is entirely owing to the war,”—“O, no,” cried the manager, “it is actually owing to the piece.”

FRAGMENT.

—“No noisome weed is allowed to intermingle in the high grass which has overgrown her grave, at the head of which some kind hand has planted a rose tree, whose roses blossom, bloom, and die upon the sacred spot. My child is gone before me to that earthly bed to which I hoped she would have smoothed my passage. Every spot in and about the cottage continually recall her to my mind: the ornaments of this little room were all the work of that hand, long since mouldered into dust: in that bed—he stopt, he groaned, and tears burst from him—in that bed, resumed he, though with a broken voice, she breathed her last sigh; in that spot I knelt and received the last pressure of her clay-cold lips.

“Of a calm night, when all is hushed to repose, I love to contemplate that heaven to which I have given an angel; an angel to be re-united: without such a hope, surely, of all men breathing, I should be the most wretched; oh! how cruel is it then, in those who, by raising doubts of an hereafter, attempt to destroy such a hope! Ye sons of error, hide the impious doubts within your hearts, nor with wanton barbarity endeavor to deprive the miserable of their last comfort: when this world presents nothing but a dreary prospect, how cheering to the afflicted to reflect on that future one, when all will be bright and happy. When we mourn over the lost friends of our tenderest affections, oh! how consolatory to think we shall be united to them again; how often has this thought suspended my tears and stopt my sighs.—Inspired by such a hope, often have I risen with sudden joy, from the cold

bed where Juliana lies, and exclaimed, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? both lost in the certainty of again beholding my child."

GUESS WORK.

When I see a young man possess no more honor than to be *dun'd* I *GUESS* he will never make a man of respectability.

When I see a man quit work because he has three or four hired men to oversee, I *GUESS* he will have to go to *jail* to pay them.

When I see a man suffer a *Simple Wife*, to run in debt, at the store, for whatever she fancies, I *GUESS* he will soon wish he had *never been married*.

When I see a young Lady possess a large portion of *pride* and *affectation*, I *GUESS* she lacks *delicacy* and *sense*.

When I pass by a house and see the yard covered with stumps, old hoops and broken earthen, I *GUESS* the man is a *Horse Jockey* and the woman a spinner of *street-yarn*.

When I see a woman standing in the door *slip-shod* with half a dozen ragged children, and as many more heads peeping through the broken windows, I *GUESS* her husband married for love, and do not think he *misplaced* his affections, or begrudge him his *happiness*.

When I see a woman usurp the whole conversation, I *GUESS* she has more loquacity than sense.

When I pass a house and see the windows broken, a bundle of *Rags* in one and a *Hat* in another, I *GUESS* the mistress is a *slut*, and the master loves *rum*.

When I see a girl visit often, I *GUESS* she spins more *street-yarn* than cotton.

When I hear a woman using profane language, I think it time for swearing to be out of *fashion*.

When I see a country merchant hire two clerks to tend his store, while he sits by the stove drinking *wine*, I *GUESS* he will soon have to take the benefit of the *Insolvent Act*; or take a *pleasant tour* to New-Orleans

NATIVE HOME.

Chateaubriand, who appears to have been a great traveller, and like Goldsmith, to have moralized as he passed on, makes the following remarks on his second visit to Rome: "Born on the rocks of America, the first sound which struck my ear on entering the world, was that of the sea; and on how many shores have I seen the same waves break that find me here again. Who would have told me, a few years ago, that I should hear those wanderers moaning at the tomb of Scipio and Virgil, after they had rolled at my feet on the coast of England, or the strand of Canada? My name is in the hut of the savage of Florida, and in the hermit's book at Vesuvius. When shall I lay down, at the gate of my fathers, the pilgrim's staff and mantle?"

"O patria! O Divum domus Ilium!"

"How do I envy the lot of those,—who never quitted their native land, and have no adventures to record."

STYLE.

The deepest rivers have the plainest surface and the purest waters are always clearest. Crystal is not the less solid for being transparent; the value of a style rises like the value of precious stones. If it be dark and cloudy, it is in vain to polish it: it bears its worth in its native looks and the same art which enhances its price, when it is clear, only debases if it be dull.

VARIETY.

ANECDOTES.

The late Lord Chesterfield happened to be at a rout in France, where Voltaire was one of the guests; Chesterfield seemed gazing about the brilliant circle of the ladies; Voltaire accosted him, "my lord, I know you are a judge, which are most beautiful, the English or the French ladies?"—"upon my word, (replied his lordship, with his usual presence of mind,) I am no connoisseur of paintings." Some time after this, Voltaire being in London, happened to be at a nobleman's route with Lord Chesterfield; a lady in company, prodigiously painted, directed her whole discourse to Voltaire, and entirely engrossed his conversation. Chesterfield came up, tapped him on his shoulder, saying "sir, take care you are not captivated." "My lord, (replied the French wit) I scorn to be taken by an English bottom under French colours."

IMPRESSION.

A gentleman at the Theatre one evening, seeing some wax from a chandelier, on that part of a lady's dress,—who sat next to him, not a great way from her bosom, immediately took out his watch, and clapped one of the seals upon it. "Bless me, sir," said the lady, "what are you doing?" "Only trying to make an impression upon you, madam," replied he.

TRAVELLING EXPENSES.

A foolish young man bragging in company of his travelling abroad, and having never sent to his parents for any remittance, was asked by one present, how he made his way? "By my wits," replied the other. "Indeed," says he: "then you must have travelled very *cheap*."

WIT.

A countryman going into the Office after Commons where the wills are

kept, and gazing on the shelves, asked, if these were all *bibles*? No, sir, answered one of the clerks, "they are *testaments*."

CHEAP WINE.

An English Lord, was boasting that he could send a couple of hounds to France, and have a hogshead of wine for them. Then says a friend, your lordship has your wine, *dog-cheap*.

CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT.

To be sold by private contract, a beautiful Monkey, a Parrot, two Spaniels, and a Tortoise Shell Tom Cat, the property of a lady, just married, who has no further occasion for them.

AN INSOLVENT.

As a Peruvian, who, deeply involved in debt, was walking the street, with a very melancholy air, one of his acquaintance asked him why he was so sorrowful. "Alas!" said he, "I am in a state of insolvency." "Well," said his friend, "if this is the case, it is not you, but your creditors who ought to wear a woful countenance."

EPIGRAM.

As Tom along the floor had laid
His lazy limbs, in solemn show,
"You're ill," quoth Sal, "I'm sore afraid,
"Indeed," says Tom, "*I'm very low*."

MADRIGAL.

Label, smiling, dar'd me to pilfer a kiss,
Which, partly by force and by stratagem
gain'd, So flatter'd my powers that I boasted the
bliss,
And the cunning manœuvre by which 'twas
obtain'd.
"Boast not of your skill," the arch fair one
replied,
With air, smile and accent bewitchingly
killing,
"For though you obtain'd what you fancied
denied,
You conquer'd, believe me, because I was
willing."

SENTIMENTAL.

Sir Walter Raleigh says, that the only difference between a rich man and a poor man is this—the former eats *when he pleases*, and the latter *when he can get it*.

DR. BENTLEY,

Used to say, "that the two most difficult things to meet with in the world were, a disinterested man, and a woman who had common sense—that sense without which wit is folly, learning pedantry, and virtue itself weakness of mind."

SILENCE.

Demaratus, king of Sparta, being asked whether he was silent through folly or wisdom, replied, "A fool cannot remain silent."

The most placid good-nature and sweetness of disposition, a warm heart gratefully devoted with all its powers to love me, vigorous health and sprightly cheerfulness, set off to the best advantage, by a more than uncommonly handsome figure: these, I think, in a woman, may make a good wife, though she should never have read a page but the scriptures of the *Old and New Testament*, nor have danced in a brighter assembly than a penny-pay wedding.

AMBITION.

"I believe (says an eminent writer) one great source of our misconduct, is owing to a certain stimulus with us, called ambition, which goads us up the hill of life, not as we ascend other eminences, for the laudable curiosity of viewing an extended landscape, but rather for the distant pride of looking down on others of our fellow-creatures seemingly diminutive in humbler stations."

We err, when we say that rambling in the woods is the state of nature.—Man is a social animal, and his natural state is civilization.

THE SABBATH.

The opinion of Lord Chief Justice Hale upon the benefits which result from the due observance of the Lord's Day.

"I have found," says he, "by long and sound experience, that the due observance of this day, and of the duties of it, have been of singular comfort and advantage to me: and I doubt not but it will prove so to you. GOD ALMIGHTY is the Lord of our time, and lends it to us; and as it is but just we should consecrate this part of that time to him, so I have found, that a strict and diligent observance of the duties of this day, hath ever joined to it a blessing upon the rest of my time; and the week so began, hath been blessed and prosperous to me; and on the other side, when I have been negligent of the duties of this day, the rest of the week hath been unsuccessful and unhappy to my own secular employments; so that I could easily make an estimate of my successes in my own secular employments the week following by the manner of my passing off this day; and this I do not write lightly or inconsiderately, but upon a long and sound observation and experience"

READING POETRY.

Next to the study of the holy scriptures, it may not be amiss to recommend the reading of a little poetry,—properly chosen. The faculty in which *women* most excel, (says the admirable, the judicious Mrs. Chapone) is that of imagination—and when properly cultivated, it becomes the source of all that is charming in society. Nothing you can read will so much contribute to the improvement of this faculty, as *poetry*,—which, if applied to its true ends, adds a thousand charms to those sentiments of religion, virtue, generosity and delicate tenderness, by which the human soul is exalted and refined.

Animals only regard their young during their defenceless state.

Seat of the Muses.

For the New York Weekly Museum.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF THE HON. ———

Ye gentle pow'rs whose soothing strain,
Can calm the rage of overwhelming woe,
And bid the song in melting numbers flow;
Mourn o'er the virtuous hero slain.

Pierc'd by the shaft of unrelenting death,
Torn from a world o'erwhelm'd in floods
of woe;

The brave, the virtuous now resigns his
breath,
His heaven born soul, to heav'nly realms
must go.

Thou beauteous mansion where he once did
dwell,

Whose bounteous soul reliev'd the neigh-
bouring poor,

Mourn your possessor, say how brave he fell,
Virtuous hero, he'll return no more.

Ye waving poplars, in whose cooling shade,
The mighty patriot has so oft reclin'd,
Bow down your branches that at distance
spread;

And wave your high tops mournful in the
wind.

Ye hills and vallies that in landscape spread,
Whose prospects fill th' enraptur'd soul
with joy,

Mourn for the sage, who's numbered with
the dead;

Where trouble shall no more his peace
annoy.

Be hushed ye passing gales that rudely blow,
Keep mournful silence as ye pass along,
Or in soft murmurs tell the tale of woe;
And echo back my melancholy song.

Ye murmuring streams that o'er your peb-
bles glide,

From whose soft banks we odorous sweets
inhale,

While ye precipitate your flowing tide,
Tell to the mourning world the mournful
tale,

Ye beauteous flowers, the pride of nature's
bloom,

Close your fair bosoms, mourn in silent
grief,

The hero's sad departure to the tomb,

He was the poor man's comfort and relief.

In these late days when virtue's heav'nly
charms,

Are rarely found, we doubly feel the loss,
Of him who shields the innocent from harms;
Protects the injured from oppression's cross.

Durham, (N. Y.)

A. STRONG.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

TO ADELINA.

(Concluded from page 220.)

Hence rests in peace, lock'd in each other's
arms,

Two kindred beings Earth refus'd to join;
No matter what their names, or titles once,
In life unhappy, guiltless in their loves,

By nature join'd tho' Earth forbid the banns;
But yielding strict adherence to its voice,
They fell the victims of its lawless power:
Their kindred souls together fled to heaven,
And there found ratified what Earth refus'd.
Thus Adelina, shall our fates create
A tale of wonders for the feeling heart;
For faithful lovers shall a fable rise,
Founded on truth's but form'd in fancy's
loom:

And many a pilgrim in this vale of tears,
Shall bend their foot steps towards our dusty
shrine,

And letting fall a tear to kindred grief,
Shall heave a sigh, to ease the swollen breast,
And pay the tribute due the grave and us.
Our story they will guess as passing strange,
And what they guess, and what they know,
and add,

Shall form a tale, so fraught with mystic
woe,

That future ages shall record our fame,
And style our tomb, the shrine of faithful
love.

'Tis thus fond maid, that when we clasp in
death,

Unconscious mingling to our native dust,
Freed from the reach of stern oppression's
grasp,

We'll build on earth an everlasting name,
And Heaven, in kind compassion to our
 wrongs,
Shall bid us join, where none can bid us part.

ELLA.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

BEHOLD! the lovely and the gay,
Our city dear adorning,
Have metamorphosed night to day,
Old evening into morning:

The sun beam may, on ocean play,
Or regions long neglected,
The God of day's resplendant ray,
More gently beams reflected:

The studious youth, and learned sage,
At midnight deeply poring,
Will fumble o'er the rusty page,
The goddess Fame adoring;

And lastly too the gentle bard,
Shall trim his taper cheerly,
If beauty yields the blest reward,
The smile he loves so dearly.

ÆSCULAPIUS.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

ZIDON AND KEZIA.

AN ANTEDILUVIAN TALE.

O'er the fair bosom of the first made earth
Ten thousand flowers bloomed in celestial
 birth,

Soft western breezes fanned the lovely scene,
Bespread with nature's robe of varied green.
As yet content to circumscribe his home,
Man to far distant lands loved not to roam,
No winged barks skimmed through the azure
 main,

Man tempted not the ocean's angry reign,
Nor waged unequal and tremendous war
Against the elements' convulsive jar.

As yet unravaged by the hand of time,
The earth was blest with one propitious
 clime;

The showers of heaven descend not on her
 breast,

'Save vernal dews, borne from the incens'd
 west;

The furious storm as yet was scarcely known,
Nor the loud thunder's dreadful pealing tone,
But spring began the blest harmonic dance,
And in her train, the other months advance,
Save winter's darkened brow, whose frown
 severe

And chilling presence, ne'er was witnessed
 here.

Such was the land where ancient patriarchs
 dwelt,

And such the bliss their tranquil bosoms felt;
But ah! how few who cast a look to heaven
And liv'd and died in hope to be forgiven;
Tho' bloomed the earth so sweet, so gay, so
 fair,

But crime and tumult held their empire
 there.

In the deep bosom of a valley flowed
A murmuring streamlet thro' its verdant
 road,

The fairest flowers bedecked its grassy side,
And all seemed life within its purling tide.

In this mild scene of quiet and repose
Screened from the world an humble cot arose,
Silence so deep across its vale was spread,
It seemed the lonely mansion of the dead.

Yet oft when eve her dewy mantle wide
Stretched o'er the hill, and vale, and gentle
 tide,

When the last warblings of each parting
 bird

In dying cadence thro' the vale were heard,
Arose a soothing, a celestial strain,
Which angels ev'n, might pause to hear
 again.

"O sacred harmony, descend and sing

"In strains ecstatic heaven's Almighty
 KING!

"Yield to thy feeble votary the lyre,

"And oh! enwrap it with the poet's fire!

"For song alone (of human things) can dare

"To sing the Lord of earth, and hell, and
 air;

"And song alone such glowing language
 tells,

"As haply o'er the angels' chorus swells!

"Ye vales and streams, where verdure ever
 plays,

"Ye brooks, enlivened by the sunny rays,

"Tho' now a sombrous shadow steals along,
 "And the sweet nightingale begins her song,
 "Ye hills who rear your everlasting heads
 "Where morn's first dew its rosy influence
 sheds,
 "Ye flowery meads, thou ocean's pebbled
 shore,
 "When shall ye cease the King of life to
 adore?
 "All--all are happy, save myself alone,
 "To me is misery and anguish known;--
 "The world in vice and guilt plunged far
 too deep
 "Laughs at the soul, that dares its God to
 keep!
 "Yet, when I turn to thee, O heavenly
 KING!
 "My griefs and woes with rapid flight take
 wing!--
 "Come--sacred Harmony, descend again,
 "As first in Eden's bower thou once didst
 swell thy strain!"

LORIENT.

(To be continued.)

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1816.

Intelligence.

Accounts from the West-Indies announce the arrival of a Dutch fleet at St. Eustatia, for the purpose of taking possession of that place, St. Martins, and Curacao, restored by the British.

Martinique and Guadaloupe, it also appears, was to be given up again to the French on the 21st ult.

From the following it appears that an extraordinary mortality prevails in some parts of Virginia & N. Carolina.

Norfolk, Feb 5—Fatal Epidemic. We are assured that the mortality among the inhabitants of the adjoining counties, has for the last two months, even exceeded the ravages of the fatal epidemic in the winter of 1814-15. —That portion of Nansemond county, which lies eastward of the river, and the lower precinct of Princess Anne county, are computed to have lost

more than half the population they contained last summer, and the deaths in the parish of St. Bridges, in Norfolk county, has been awfully great. In other parts of these counties, much sickness has been experienced and many deaths have taken place, but bearing no proportion to the former.

We have not understood from any medical gentleman, whether this disease, which is now sweeping off such vast multitudes, is the same which prevailed all over the county last year — From conversation with those who have witnessed its attacks, we are inclined to think that it is nearly so; it is certainly epidemic.

Raleigh. (N.C.) Feb. 9—The Epidemic which has prevailed for two years past, (called by Physicians the *Ataxis*) has again made its appearance in many parts of this state. In Pierson and Nash counties particularly, it is raging with dreadful mortality. In the families of Messrs Sills and Bodie, in the latter county, we understand it has been peculiarly fatal.

The New London Gazette, says, "that Lucy Daniels, who has been blind ever since she was two years old, and who has been permitted to walk the streets of this city, in darkness seeking charity, during the long period of 36 years of her life, has lately been restored to sight, by Dr. North of this place."

Niles' Weekly Register" says, the cultivation of the cane is rapidly increasing in Louisiana. A letter on this subject observes, that with 5 or 6 hands 18 acres of canes had produced 44,784 pounds of sugar, and 23 hds. of molasses: the sugar at 12½ cents per lb. would amount to about 6000 dollars, and 1000 dls. for the molasses, would make together 7000 dollars; which, it is remarked, is a culture to this country more valuable than any gold mine.

The very singular occurrence of a Stage taking Fire is mentioned in the Philadelphia papers of last week, as having taken place on the wardrobe-

ween that city and Trenton. It was occasioned by a passenger putting a hot brick on the floor of the stage to keep his feet warm, and what is most extraordinary, it burnt with such rapidity, that the passengers, six in number, with difficulty made their escape.

On Tuesday evening a black man went into the upper ware-room of the house No. 163 Pearl Street, occupied by Van Schaick & Givan, and loaded himself with goods, but was fortunately detected in coming down the stairs, and put into the care of an officer of the police — *Mercantile Advertiser*.

GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.

Dr Stenhouse, of Edinburgh, has discovered a new and simple method to remove gout pains. As he considers the disorder proceeds from obstruction, he directs the action of steam may be applied to the part affected from a pot of hot or boiling water, and repeated several times, even after the pain is removed. In cases where the stomach or bowels may be affected, the Dr recommends that the whole body should be immersed in this reviving vapour.

A new remedy for the Rheumatism is just published, from Dr. Balfour, of Edinburgh, which consists only in binding a bandage of flannel spirally round the limb or part affected, as tight as the patient can bear, which affords immediate relief. When the diseased part is so situated that a bandage will not bear upon it, put a pad or roll of flannel under it, so as to produce a considerable pressure on the part affected.

Another, for the Acute Rheumatism, directs that a quarter of a pound of salt-petre reduced to powder, be dissolved in a quart of vinegar, with which the part affected is to be rubbed twice a day with the hand, till quite dry.

Nuptial.

MARRIED.

By the rev. Dr. Milledolar, Mr. Isaac Brown, (of the house of D. S. & I. Brown,) to Miss Clarissa Willard, both of this city.

By the rev. Dr. Carberry, Dr. Ebenezer Spencer Blachly, to Miss Frances Donovan, all of this city.

By the Right Rev. Bishop Hobart, Mr. James McDonald, to Miss Abigail Strangman, both of this city.

At St. Stephens' Church, by the rev. Mr.

Feltus, Henry Fisher, esq. to Miss Catharine Dixon, both of this city.

At Westchester, Mr. Nathaniel Tompkins, of the house of Devoe & Tompkins of this place, to Miss Abigail Gedney, daughter of Mr. John Gedney, of the former place.

On the 6th inst. Mr. Thomas D. Bump, to the amiable and accomplished Miss Fanny Williams, all of Fishkill Mountains; after a tedious courtship of four days and three nights.

Obituary.

The City-Inspector Reports the death of 57 persons in this City, for the week ending on Saturday the 10th of February, 1816—of the following Diseases:

Apoplexy 1; casualty 1; catarrh 3; consumption 16; convulsions 2; dropsy 3; dropsy in the chest 2; dropsy in the head 2; drowned 1; fever 1; fever typhus 2; gout 1; hæmoptysis 1; hives or croup 5; inflammation of the bowels 1; inflammation of the chest 1; intemperance 2; old age 1; scrofula, or king's evil 1; small pox 7; still born 1; whooping cough 1; worms 1;—Total 57.

DIED.

Mrs. Ann Taylor, aged 67 years, relict of the late John Taylor, and sister of the rev. Dr. Henry Waddell, of Trenton, deceased.

Mr. Isaac Coddington, in the 44th year of his age.

Mr. Jacobus Verveelen, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city.

In the 39th year of her age, Mrs. Elizabeth Meeks.

Mrs. Sarah Mitchell, aged 40 years.

Mr. Robert Manley, aged 82 years.

Of a lingering illness which she bore with Christian fortitude Mrs. Mary T. Wright, aged 21 years, wife of Mr. Joseph C. Wright.

After a lingering illness, Catherine Stagg, wife of John Stagg, in the 77th year of her age.

Mr. John Dominick.

In the 71st year of her age, Mrs. Diederika, relict of the late Dr. Libertus Van Bokkelen.

A short and severe illness, in the 23d year of his age, Mr. Thomson Brand.

Mr. John Sebring, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city, aged 77 years.

Mr. Henry Thorne, aged 46 years.

Of a lingering illness, in the 29th year of his age, Mr. Thomas Little, late of Oswego, New-York.

Mr. David Thorp.

At Fort Lewis, Major James Boyle, of the United States artillery.

THE DEVIL'S PICKLE-TUB.

Nothing new gentle readers—unless being in a newspaper renders it so—'Tis the Devil's Pickle Tub I would describe But to describe it who can?—The broth is prepared in the Devil's Tea Kettle, and may be used cold or hot. The tubs are to be found in plenty—that is to say, within a few miles of each other in the country, and in the town ever so thick—also to accommodate enquiring votaries, a board is generally stuck out towards the street on a pole, informing, that the Tub and Pickle-Master are all in readiness.

A man may get pickled with different kinds of broth and for various prices, according to his credit or purse—or, as the old proverb is, he can cut his coat according to his cloth. No other part of the creation will yield to the operation. Animals of the brutish tribe would sooner die by the butcher's knife, than consent to be pickled alive. But man, with all his boasted powers, will e'en plunge himself souze, all over, head and ears, body and soul into the Tub, and commit his all to the keeping of him who goes about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.

Symptoms will always shew how far pickled a fellow is. A man, after having been dipping and wallowing until he likes the taste and effects of the broth, looks pale and silly. Farther struck through, the countenance becomes florid and eyes red—deportment affectedly austere and consequential—is ungovernable, loquacious, ready and willing, and feels able to teach even Wisdom herself. Well pickled, the nose becomes red and breaks out in pimples—the cheeks bloat and obtain a purple hue—the legs swell—the mind coagulates—the thoughts and ideas stick together like angleworms in mud—the tongue moves and sends forth as if it was muffled or had a mitten on—his example and influence in community, more especially among the youth, is like the confluent small pox in a neighborhood, which has neither been vaccinated nor inoculated—the

exhalation from his lungs resembles that of old horse beef, too stale for dogs and vultures—his language is no less offensive than his breath.

We have on hand, pickled and in pickling, Farmers and Mechanics, &c. &c. so well struck through as to be completely out of all danger of ever returning to habits of temperance, sobriety and decency.—It is whispered that even some of our officers get on the stageing which surrounds the tub and take a sly dip or two, and come out like merinoes from the washing, or bees from a tar barrel.—*Gleaner.*

—:69:—

TWO WHOLE FAMILIES LOST!

If any of the relations or next in kin of one Mr. Eagle, and a Mr. Dollar, who a few years ago were much seen in the United States, and are supposed to be native Americans, will give information where they may be found, the informer shall be handsomely rewarded on application to the Treasury Department at Washington, or to the forty new banks in Pennsylvania; and a proportionate reward will be given for Mr. Eagle's son, Half Eagle, and Dollar's son, Half Dollar, or his Grand-Children, Quarter Dollars, or any of his relations. Papers innumerable have issued since their disappearance, but all in vain, as they are believed by many to have left the U States; but from their known attachment to industry and steady habits, others shrewdly suspect they lie hid some where in the New-England States, waiting for more favourable times, before they dare make their appearance, as they have reason to suppose they would be instantly taken and put in close confinement.—Their sudden disappearance is particularly to be regretted as they were in great favour with the people of both political parties.—*U. S. Gaz.*

NEW-YORK,

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